Another European Tour

Triple A- Sponsors - The Baird Sextette, Conductors-

Thirty-Eight Tourists

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Virginia

THIRTY-FOUR MEMBERS OF THE BAIRD TOUR
THIS PICTURE WAS MADE AT DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT BEFORE THE OTHER FOUR MEMBERS JOINED US IN PHILADELPHIA

The BIG day finally arrived - July, 23rd. 1970!! The beginning of a glorious three week European tour, visiting six countries ! The night before, I sketched over a broshure, "Tips for Tour Members", which gives "nutshell" type information for trips abroad. Satisfied that my necessary credentials were in order - - . tickets, passport, travel insurance, health card and etc., I enjoyed a good night's rest.

Arriving in a pouring rain the next morning, were five friends from Lynchburg, Mary Pettyjohn, Cleo Reynolds, Edna Johnson, Polly Holmes and Frances Carson, with whom I would travel to the Byrd Airport in Richmond. The six of us chummed together throughout the trip. Edna and I shared a room - she was a wonderful room-mate !!

A torrential rain was falling when we arrived at the airport which influenced us to leave two cars parked at the airport for three weeks, knowing on our return we would have to pay a $43.00 bill.

Shortly after our arrival, members of The Baird Tour, SPT # 3028, excited and wet, were rushing in, including the Baird Family, all SIX of them !!!

I will introduce to you our tour conductor and his attractive family: Mr. and Mrs. Owen Baird, their one daughter and three sons, who live at Laurel, Va., on the outskirts of Richmond. Owen conducts tours for The American Automobile Association and has made five recent trips to Europe; his wife, Mildred, a Registered Nurse, has accompanied him on 3 of these trips; Eva, their 15 year old daughter, has five trips to her credit; James, (Buddy) 14, has crossed the ocean 4 times; Charles, (Chuck) 13 years old, and Robert, (Boo.) 10 years have each made 3 trips. Each member of the family is a well seasoned traveler and so willing to help tour members at any time. They really understood the currency conversion in each country which was difficult for us to figure out!

Mr. Baird is principal of the Holladay Elementary School in Henrico County. The Baird family operate an antique shop in the yard of their home.

The entire family played an important role during the trip. Owen wore a warm smile even under adverse circumstances, and has a wonderful sense of humor. He was devoted to the job he so ably performed. The Triple A and Globus Tours should be proud to have a representative who carried out so well the tremendous responsibilities and duties performed by Mr. Baird.

We departed Byrd Airport on flight 689 at 4:10 P.M. en route to Dulles International, arriving there at 5 o'clock. This was the first flight for many of our group and tension was high !! We were joined there by four members of our group, Mrs. Hanah Thompson of Madison, Tenn., Miss Mildred Wilson of Nashville, Tenn., Miss Lillian Logan and Mrs. Willie Ford of Washington, D. C. Mr. Baird had arranged for a photographer to be there for a group picture just before our take-off.

At 6:45 we left Dulles on Air France Flight 058 for Philadelphia, where we were joined by the remaining four Members of our party, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel E. Newcomer, Mrs. Jean Ellis and Mrs. Blanche Fernon. This brought our number up to thirty-eight ! Our stay in Philadelphia was bried and we did not leave the silver bird.

Almost immediately after taking off, a delicious dinner was served to the 126 passengers aboard. Glancing around, I saw a family of five seated near us. The parents and two of their children were seated while an infant peacefully slept from a swinging hammock above their seat.

Lois Heartwell from Crewe, has never flown before and her doctor had given her some pills to make her rest just in case- She offered me one which I took and had quite a time getting it down as I'm not a pill-taker. It took effect almost immediately and the next thing I knew, breakfast was being served. We landed in Paris, France, at 8:30 A.M. while it waa only 2:30 at home, a difference of six hours on account of daylight saving time.

We changed to a British plane for a one hour flight accross the Channel to London, arriving at Heathrow Airport at 10:30 in the morning. After checking through customs,we waited sometime for our Globus Motor Coach to transfer our party to The Alexandra National Hotel, a distance of 15 miles, and located on "Seven Sisters Road."

London, a city of almost ten million inhabitants, is the

heart of the British Empire. On this Friday morning, the hustle and bustle seemed at it's height! Alike last summer when I visited London, it was extremely chilly and you dared not venture out without umbrella, raincoat and bonnet. No need for summer clothes even in July !

Everyone was confused as to the time and even the day of the week. We had become weary due to our mixed-up sleeping and eating habits since leaving home and we were not sure whether the next meal would be lunch or supper. Many of our group enjoyed a snooze after our rooms were assigned and others were too excited. I was wide awake, thanks to Lois !

I made two telephone calls shortly after arriving which added much to the pleasure of my stay in London. Shortly before leaving on this trip abroad, I accompanied my friend, Mrs. Mercedes Drinkard, to Charlotte, N. C., to attend the wedding of her great neice, Rae Torrance to Mike Vance. While there Rae's father, Curtis Torrance, told me of having a sister in London, Dr. Lydia Torrance Allen. He gave me her telephone number that I might call and give her some first hand information of the wedding. I called and Dr. Allen (who sight-unseen was charming) insisted that I meet her on Saturday evening at The Charing Cross Hotel for dinner and bring a friend with me. I could detect from her tone of voice that her dinner invitation was genuine and I accepted. That I might recognize her, she told me she would be attired in Navy blue and inquired as to what I would be wearing. She caught me off-guard and I told her I really did not know but felt sure that I would spot her. Polly Holmes accompanied me. We traveled by taxi, not being sure of the change in subway stations. At that time we did not know what a land mark the Charing Cross Hotel was - a large and imposing dining place for the British to entertain their guests. There was a subway station just in front of the hotel.

We had no difficult in recognizing Dr. Torrance (her professional name) as she wore a lovely Navy blue ensemble (umbrella to match) and a captivating smile!! After our self-introductions, we were seated in an elegant dining room and served the best four course dinner we had on the trip. For the last course,

Dr. Torrance requested the waiter to roll the "sweet trolley" to our table. Polly and I glanced at each other and when we saw the trolley loaded with delicious deserts, our eyes danced!! It was not an easy decision to select just one from the assortment. Our hostess detected our state of indecision and suggested that we be served more than one as she would also!

During the dinner, Dr. Torrance charmed us while telling a little of her interesting life in Europe. She was a world-wide traveler. He late husband was also a doctor as was her deceased son. Dr. Torrance an obstetrical surgeon had recently retired but was now doing some supply work at times in the hospital.

She invited us to visit in her home but on account of a full schedule we could not accept her invitation. I did call her later when we flew back to London from Edinburgh while en route to Lucerne. I sincerely hope to renew our acquaintance when she visits the U. S. A. to see her brother and two sisters.

I later called Joel F. Drinkard a student at Oxford University where he is a candidate for his doctorate degree. Joel, a baptist minister, served as pastor of a church in Chase City and elsewhere before he and his wife Geneva went to Oxford.

Joel and his wife came to my hotel at noon Sunday and we went out to celebrate Geneva's birthday, her first so far away from her home in Greensboro, N.C. Joel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Flood Drinkard live in Greensboro. Flood was born and reared in Appomattox.

This young couple turned out to be wonderful guides!! Joel had no difficulty reading the map of London and the subway maps. For four hours we traveled through the city in an "off and on" rain. We attended an afternoon service in the exsquisite St. Paul's Cathedral where Sir Winston Churchill's funeral service was held. His body was later placed on a boat and carried up the Thames to Blaydon, where he was burried.

Joel and Geneva returned with me to the hotel where their car was parked. This was a most pleasant afternoon spent with an attractive and ambitious young American couple. I predict a bright future for them !!

Our tour time was 9 o'clock on Saturday morning when we drove through the west end of London in a motor coach (never called bus) with a jovial and intelligent guide. Highlights of the tour included Marble Arch, Picadilly Circus, Changing of the Guards at Buckingham Palace, Westminister Abbey, White Hall and Trafalgar Square.

We were intrigued with Dickens Old Curosity Shop where one could find almost any item desired, if they could afford to pay the price. London Bridge could be viewed from The Tower of London.

On Sunday morning, many of our group traveled by subway to Middlesex Street to visit the Flea Market on "Petticoat Lane." This is an open-air market and shoppers are warned to beware of pickpockets !! With no exception have I ever seen such crowded streets! People from all over the world - all ages and sizes with HIPPES and YIPPES predominating. There is no way to describe this conglomaration of people and the wares they offer for sale ! You must go and see it with your own eyes to believe it !

We were aware of the fact that motor vehicles were driven on the left side of the highways in British countries but we did not realize it would be frightening to us as passengers. I thought surely we would have head-on collisions many times but realized that all would be well if each motorist would stay on "the wrong side" of the road. Practically all cars are small and foreign made, due to the 25 per cent import tax. Gasoline is sold by the imperial gallon and is most expensive, approximately 84 cents per gallon.

It is extremely difficult to have water served with your meals. Beer, ale or wines come easy but expensive, (so I'm told.) To have a cup of coffee or tea served with your meal is almost impossible ! We can now understand the phrase- "After Dinner Coffee.: This condition proved true in each country we visited.

A large number in our group were bridge enthusiasts, including me ! We really enjoyed some exciting games in each country in between our busy itenerary. I really got a big kick WHEN and IF I could out-score Bernice Fretwell, a bridge shark of

Richmond, and visa versa!! Bernice, will you ever forget that slam bid, doubled and made in Lucerne ??

AH, SCOTLAND !!

On Monday morning, July, 27th. we departed Heathrow Airport for Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, with a population of one-half million people. This city is located on a high crag dominated by historic Edinburgh Castle.

It has been said the only way to see Edinburgh is on foot, starting at one end of Princess Street and walking up to the Castle. On one side of this magnificient thoroughfare are sweeping lawns and gardens. On the other, many fine shops where one can find clan plaids, tweeds and antiques.

While there we stayed in the Minto Hotel which at first glance was not imposing outside or inside. Our first impression proved true in regard to the food also. Our second night there, the steaks were so tough that no one could possibley chew them and they were retruned to the kitchen for the dogs. The following morning during breakfast the owner of the hotel produced a "so-called butcher" to take the blame for the tough steaks and promised better ones that evening. It was too apparent that the 'butcher' was an employee at the hotel who was just helping the manager to put on a good show.

Weather in Edinburgh is comparable to that of London. Scotland has beautiful flowers, rolling hills and plains and is a colorful sight due to the shrubbery seen on the hills called BROOM. It is prickley and sturdy and was used to make brooms in olden days with which the streets were cleaned.

The houses in Edinburgh were similar to those in London-small two-story brick houses with tile roofs. The small lawns were adorned with beautiful shrubs and blooming flowers, with roses and geraniums predominating.

We visited The Castles, St. Giles Cathedral, Royal Mile, Palace of Holywood House, Scottish National War Memorial and other interesting land marks.

St. Giles Cathedral was used during the reformation period as a Police Station, Town's Tolbooth, a Milling Place for the General Assembly of The Church of Scotland. In 1559 John Knox preached for the first time in this Cathedral. Since it's foundation, St. Giles has witnessed more of the stirring episodes of Scottish History than any other build-

ing sacred or secular. It is today "The House of God."

We learned that students come to Edinburgh to study the true form of English. The people of Aberdeen and Edinburgh are known for speaking the most perfect English in the world.

One evening while in Edinburgh, we secured tickets to Kings Theatre, where we saw a variety show, featuring The Alexander Brothers, Johnnie Beattie, Scotland's Crown Prince of Comedy, Linda Scott and other outstanding entertainers. This was a most enjoyable two hour entertainment.

Traveling to and from the shopping area on bus, we met some American youths who were participating in the M. Y. I., Music Youth International Inc., A majority of these boys and girls were natives of Michigan and Ohio.

I was told by two of these clean-cut boys that the 1970 Memorial Year is dedicated to the late Dr. Lester McCoy, founder of M. Y. I. The St. Francis Prayer, "Instrument of They Peace," opens each M.Y.I. concert.

While most of us were shopping one morning, Owen was wandering around and located a "junky antique shop". He made a number of purchases and arranged for the jovial twin brothers to open the shop the same night for some of our group to "come, see and buy." We were thrilled! About 15 of us, after trying to chew ANOTHER tough steak, traveled by bus, quite a distance to the shop.

We delved in boxes, dresser drawers, desks, under tables, on shelves and other secret places, uncovering many interesting "goodies." Each of us were told to keep those article we wished to purchase and to present them to the brother who made the prices, for the lump sum. We then wuold make an offer and this unforgettable character would usually grin and nod his head. We had no idea just how we could carry our purchases home. Mary Pettyjohn walked out with an old violin in it's original battered-up case ! Among other items, I foolishly bought a screen covered with lovely tapestry, not realizing how difficult it would be to carry.

Never-the-less we had fun and each one came out loaded with what we considered bargains ! When we arrived at the hotel, our traveling companions were waiting up to see our bargains. They could hardly believe that we had acquired so much "junk" in so short a while.'

The highlight of my visit in Edinburgh was my reunion with Hana and her two teen-age daughters, Luci and Vera. Hana Hornung served as my interpreter in Prague, Czechoslovakia in 1967. Hana, her husband and two daughters escaped Prague 11 days after the Russian invasion in August of 1968. They drove through Switzerland to London in an old car, leaving all of their worldly possessions behind. Hana said they realized this was the only way for their daughters to live a free life, and declared they had never regretted their decision. Hana's husband, Berty, is an architect.

When in London last June, I visited Hana and family. When I learned that the trip this summer included London, I immediately wrote her. She lost no time in replying to say that she regretted so much but they were moving to Edinburgh in the middle of June. Ironically, Edinburgh was our second stop ! I contacted her by air mail and told her that I would catch up with them in their new home and as soon as I received an itenerary and knew the hotel in which we would be staying, I would write her. There was a delay in receiving this information but I did write to her at her England address and it was forwarded, thanks to the British mail service !! On our arrival at the hotel, I found a memo, giving me her home telephone number, and a message from her husband, requesting that I call his office number.

I lost little time in contacting the Hornung family ! Hana, Luci and Vera met me early the following morning at a shopping area. The girls had really grown in the past year and were beautiful ! Vera was wearing a maxi-skirt. Hana's hair was high-lighted by a little more silver which added to her natural beauty. Her warm smile and soft voice was the same as in 1967 ! Lucie loved Edinburgh but hated leaving her friends in London. I visited in their elegant apartment where we chatted about Prague and happenings since we first met, while enjoying a cup of tea and delicious Scottish cookies. They were my guests for a late lunch, after which we shopped and I returned to our hotel before a cloud-burst.

Who knows?? I may just see this attractive family next year and possibly in another country !! I hope some day they can visit me !

LUCERNE

On Thursday, July, 30th. our party was transferred to the airport for a flight to London, where we connected with BE566 and jetted to Zurich, Switzerland. We were met by a motorcoach with guide and traveled quite a distance to the peaceful lake and mountain resort of Lucerne. The scenery was magnificient !! Our reservations were at The Rutli Hotel, right in the heart of the city.

We all loved Lucerne, a beautiful city with friendly and gay people and the most beautiful flowers I have ever feasted my eyes on ! (I knew I shouldn't have ended that sentence with a preposition but couldn't figure out how to avoid it.)

On our first evening here we visited Bucherer, the largest watch and jewelery retailer in Switzerland. There are 45 of these stores in The U.S.A. and others in many countries. Upon entering the store, we were enchanted with the sparkling of the jewels! I'll venture to predict that the sales that night soared and broke all records as a result of a shopping spree of our group. With a few exceptions, each of us purchased watches, clocks, charms, rings and other items. Some bought as many as five watches!

On Friday our day of sight-seeing began with the Medieval Walls, the Towers and the ancient covered bridges with their murals depicting the history of the Swiss people.

In the afternoon, a majority of our tour members cruised accross the beautiful Lake Lucerne to Alpnachstad. From here we proceeded by cog railway 7,000 feet to the top of Mt. Pilatus for a breath-taking view of the surrounding country side with its snow capped mountains, lush green meadows and sparkling blue lakes. A view NEVER to be forgotten! This trip backfired on me !

I had made up my mind not to ride this "scary" cog railway 7,000 feet, literally, straight up the mountain. My room-mate Edna Johnson, and Bernice Fretwell definitely would not consider making this tour ! They insisted that I stay at the hotel and play bridge.

I decided that I would take the cruise and remain on board and enjoy the sunshine while the rest of the party went to the mountain top. I dared not mention this scheme to anyone but later wished that I had. When we arrived after a pleasant cruise of almost an hour, we were told that we would descend on the other side of the mountain on the outskirts of Lucerne. My feathers fell ! I knew then that I must ascend !! Each car carried only eight people and our group was divided. I was placed in the car with Owen and Mildred Baird, Doris West of Crewe, and others. I honestly became so frightened that I put on a show!! Doris was frightened also but laughed so much at me that she forgot about her fears. She said she wished she could have a moving picture of my behavior. I was happy when we reached the top but then began to worry about how we could get down. This ordeal was as frightening as the ride up. I purchased souvenirs to remind me of this unpleasant experience.

Hanah Thompson took me under her wing during the time we were on top of Mt. Pilatus and gave me her moral support when we descended in the same lift. She is a real friend ! *Thanks, Hanah!*

Edna and Bernice offered me no sympathy on my return !

Saturday, August, 1st. was a National Holiday in Switzerland, comparable to our July, 4th. All stores in Lucerne staged amazing sales during the morning and places of business were closed in the afternoon. Many of our party took advantage of the side-walk sales and had lots of fun showing-off our bargains later.

Edna and I had lunch at a side-walk cafe in the center of the city where we had a bird's eye view of the holiday festivities. Mobs of people were celebrating, many of whom were in costumes. During the afternoon we halted our bridge game to view the parade from the balcony off our room.

That same evening our party walked to "Le Chalet Casion," for the real celebration including genuine folklore entertainment and dancing with Hans Aregger and his band. The program included folk dancing, yodeling, flag throwing and the blowing of the Alpine horn by some of the guests.

It was difficult to walk along the streets for the throngs of people of all ages. The sky was illuminated with beautiful and colorful streamers of lights created by fireworks being exploded from cruisers on the lake.

En route to our hotel, we walked through the reception rooms of the National Hotel, the most beautiful and decorative I have ever seen. The chandeliers were exsquisite ! The president of the U. S. A. and celebrities from other countries are entertained at The National when visiting Lucerne. Too rich for my blood !!

On Sunday morning, August, 2nd. we left by motor coach (a new Mercedes-Benz) with Hans as our driver. We were told that Hans, a jovial and intelligent German, would be with us for the next ten days as we would be traveling on this coach until we flew from Munich to Paris.

It was a beautiful clear day and we enjoyed the scenery through central and eastern Switzerland to Liechenstein, the indenpendent Principality. This unique small town nestles between Switzerland and Austria. It's size may be compared with the State of Rhode Island - 61 square miles, 17 miles long with a population of 19,500. The ruler is Prince Franz Joseph and the Goverment body is composed of five members.

Vanduz is the capital of this "handerkerchief sized" country. Crime is rare and there are no traffic problems - 22 men and one dog compose the police force. The jail is seldom used. Along this 17 mile drive the scenery is superb ! Beautiful flowers around the small homes dotted over the mountain side. Stacks of hay were in evidence which will be used for winter feeding of the cows which wonder through the main streets. The country side resounds with the tinkling of cow bells.

The largest portion of the country's income is used for improving the land, to promote better schools and maintain the roads.

The industrial products include pottery, optical goods, false teeth, artificial sausage skins, nuts and bolts and wood carvings. There is no unemployment there and no army since 1868. The Roman Catholic religon prevails with 97 percent of the citizens of this faith.

This spot is popular for tourists who are seeking something different !

INNSBRUCK, AUSTRIA

We crossed the Austrian border and drove via the lovely little towns of Feldrick and Bludenz to the Arlberg Pass. We drove through the Austrian Alps and along the Inn River to Innsbruck, a charming town.

We spent two nights here where we shopped for beautiful handicraft articles, Jewelery, Sweaters, wood carvings and many other wares.

We visited the Maria Theresian Street, the Tyrolian Landes Museum with an exceptional collection of woodcarvings and an interesting exhibition of folklore costumes. In Market Square we saw the "House with the Golden Roof."

SALZBURG, AUSTRIA

After leaving Innsbruck on Tuesday we drove through the beautiful Austrian Alps, passing famous ski resorts and snow capped mountain peaks, deep blue lakes, woods, meadows and quaint little villages until we arrived at Salzburg - an uncomparable blend of landscape, art and truly a cosmoplitan city!

Our reservations were made at The Hotel Europa, which proved to be the classiest hotel yet !

Salzburg boasts of about 121,000 citizens and lies on the River Salzach at an extremely high altitude. Our first sight-seeing tour included the House of Mozart, Salzburg Cathedral, Festival Hall, the prominent fortress overlooking the city.

In the evening we attended a performance at the world renowned Marionette Theatre. I have never cared for this type of performance, so at an opportune time, I slipped out and sat in the upstairs reception hall until others followed suit.

The heat was unbearable. There is NO AIR CONDITIONING in the places we visited in Europe !! A number of us left the theatre and returned to our hotel.

On Wednesday afternoon while out shopping, Edna told me that I received a call from Wesley and Ann Newcomb and they left a message saying they would visit me at the hotel at 7 o'clock. I was delighted !!

Staff Sgt. Newcomb and his family, a teen-age daughter, Cindy and a small son, Scotty, are living in a Goverment Housing project in Ludwigsburg, Germany. They have been in Germany for a year. I had mailed them my itenerary, hoping that they could arrange to meet me somewhere along the way. Ann is the daughter of close friends here, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Evans. Wesley's mother lives in Lynchburg and a friend of mine and Polly Holmes.

I could hardly wait for them to arrive ! Polly and I were in the lobby to greet them. It was hard to hold the tears back, realizing how much their mothers would love to be in my place that moment. The entire family looked wonderful!

The Newcombs, Polly and I drove through the city until rather late. Mr. Baird invited the Newcombs to accompany us on our guided tour of the city, the next morning. We enjoyed having them. The Newcombs had lunch with Polly and me and left on their six hour journey back to the Army Base.

They were kind to take with them some of my clothing and the hard-to-carry screen which I purchased in Edinburgh, to box up and mail to me. This I did appreciate so very much as, alike others in our group, I was loaded down. I shall look forward to the time when the attractive Newcomb family will return to the U. S. A.

It was in and around Salzburg the popular moving picture, The Sound of Music, was made. We saw the castle which was shown in the beginning of the movie; the front side of the Trapp-Family's home; the garden of Mirabell, where Maria danced with the children around the fountain; and the summer house where "Lisi" met the postman at night.

MUNICH, GERMANY

On late Thursday afternoon we drove through spectacular scenery to Munich, the capital of the Province of Bavaria, Germany. En route we stopped at Berchtesgaden.

A heat wave hit Munich at the same time we did and we all but burned up ! Our Hotel, "The President" was small, crowded and HOT. We spend Friday morning shopping and playing bridge.

The afternoon tour carried us to The University, Town Hall, St. Paul's Church, Artist Colony and other places of interest.

Munich is a large and busy industrial city with 1,300,000 people. The streets were all torn up with subways being built in preparation for the Olympics in 1972.

It has been said- "It's very sad if you don't drink beer or alcohol in munich, " and I presume it is true! At the sidewalk cafes it was hard to get anything else to drink.

On Saturday night we visited " Munchen, Hofbrauhaus am Platzi," in plain English - "Munich's Royal-Brewery-House. It was pouring down rain when we ordered taxis to travel there, a distance of a couple of miles. The place was very large with four floors. I understood that different classes of people patronized different floors, the top floor being for the best class. We had reservations on the top floor !

We were greeted with deafening loud noises and a very repulsive odor ! We had come through curosity so we did not let this turn us back! When we reached the top floor, a band was playing full blast, dancing, singing and everyone seemed to be in a jolly good mood. We were seated just back of the music and had a bird's-eye-view of everything ! I estimate that at least 500 people were in this one room whooping it up !

It was amazing to see the waitresses serve the beer in mugs which held three pints, and carried six of these mugs in each hand. I could hardly believe it - not that I knew the weight of even one.

It was a sloppy looking place with beer all over the floor! There was a trough where the mugs were dipped instead of washing, I presume. It is possible that they had something in this trough to sterilize the mugs. It was nauseating to me.

Shortly after we arrived the band played "Dixie" which really was ironical as none of our party had requested this number. There were many other Americans there I am sure and mostley for the same reason we had come - to actually see the largest beer parlor in the world.

A number of our group attended 8:30 A.M. services Sunday morning at St. Matthaus Lutheran Church just accross the street from our hotel. This was a very ancient and beautiful stone and marble church. The brass chandeliers were large and beautiful. The very large pipe organ resounded with melodious sacred music.

I had an experience in Munich which reminded me of a frightening similar one in Moscow. I was shopping with 2 or 3 of "the girls" one morning and we were walking back to the hotel when I remembered I wanted to purchase some scissors. I had been told by all means to invest in scissors in Germany as the BEST were made there. I told them to continue to the hotel and I would go back and buy some scissors. After making the purchase, I hailed a taxi as I had walked enough for one morning. I told the driver as plainly as I could to take me to The President Hotel. He smiled and went exactly the opposite direction from the hotel which was only about six blocks away. We continued to ride and I knew well we were getting further from the hotel.

I touched him on=the shoulder and tried to get over to him that we were going the wrong direction. I said, "The PRESIDENT HOTEL, like NIXON". He stopped the car, got a map from the trunk, studied it and started out again. We had been traveling about 20 minutes when he stopped the taxi again, went in a beer joint, used the telephone, and when he came out he looked at me and said, "Ya-Ya". I hoped that he meant to let me know that he had his bearings and we would reach the hotel soon. Finally, after a 45 minute tour of the city, we arrived. I opened my bill fold to pay him and good humoredly, he let me know it was his fault and he only charged me a small fare which I gladly paid plus a generous tip.

OBERAMMERGAU

After partaking of our continental breakfast, (a hard cold roll, butter, jelly and coffee) we boarded the motor coach to proceed to Oberammergau, the charming little village whose wonderful people produce the Passion Play every ten years. Each of us were looking forward to this part of our trip which proved to be the high light.

Just a little about Oberammergau and The Passion Play- This small German town of 5,000 people is nestled below the towering Bavarian Alps. People, millions of them, who have traveled from all over the world to see this play spend the nights in the homes of the villagers. This year, more than a million applicants for tickets had to be turned down.

The first performance was given in 1634, and has been presented to the world every ten years since in fulfillment of a vow made. In 1633, a plague was ravaging Europe, bringing ghastly death to hundreds of thousands. In an effort to isolate themselves from the fatal contagion, the people of Oberammergau blocked the entrance to their village. But a homesick villager, Kaspar Schisler, slipped past the guards to rejoin his family- and brought the dreded infection with him. Within a short time, over 100 of the town's inhabitants had died in agaony. The terrified villagers then, as now, devout Catholics, sought God's help; If He would spare them, they promised to perform in thanksgiving a play about Christ's suffering and death every ten years "from now until the end of time." And from that day forward, runs the old chronicle, there were no more deaths from the plague.

This is the longest live dramatic performance in the world; lasting 6½ hours!

To be born in Oberammergau is to inherit a task which is considered a proud privilege. Some 1700 of the village people play an active role in this world famous dramatic production, illustrating the life of God among men. All of these characters are influenced by it throughout their lives.

The choir and orchestra are always busy with rehersals and concerts and often are awarded prizes in the annual district music festivals.

There are about 1,000 costumes in the play wardrobe, and before each production a team of six seamstresses are kept working for a year to make new ones and alter some of the old ones.

When the final curtain falls around 5:15 P.M., there is, by tradition, no applause. The audience files out silently, some in tears, overwhelmed by the depth of their inner experience. Nobody can fail to be profoundly moved by the message.

In 1970, there is a spiritaul need as there never was before !

WE arrived at 4 P.M. in a pouring down rain and went directly to The Globus office to get our room assignments. Taxis and small buses were there to transport us to the homes in which we would stay for two nights. We were told to take with us as little luggage as possible. It was difficult to transfer from our motor coach to the taxi for the heavy rain and the water soaked ground.

The six of us, (The Lynchburg Girls, as Owen would refer to us) were assigned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Landhaus Hans Stuckl, a distance of one mile from the center of the village.

Mrs. Stuckl sent umbrellas to the taxi by her young son, to escort us to the door. We received a very warm welcome and were shown our rooms which were imaculately clean and attractive.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuckl operate a grocery store. Mr. Stuckl takes the part of Samuel, a Pharisee, in the play and their two sons and young daughter have minor parts.

Mr. Stuckl carried us to his brother's restaurant for a delicious hot dinner. The down pour of rain continued and we were told this had been going on for three days. It was really frightening as mountains were on every side of the village and this situation reminded us of the Nelson and Amherst flood tragedy last August, 18th.

After another continenal breakfast in the Stuckl home, taxis came to take us to the theatre. It was difficult to travel through the water logged streets with no let-up in the rain. We arrived at the theatre

at 8 o'clock, 30 minutes before the play was scheduled to start. Throngs of people were fast filling the 5,200 seats.

While sitting in the theatre, I wrote the following in my Passion Play English text book.

"Announcement has been made there will be a 30 minute delay in raising the curtain on account of the down pour of rain. A portion of the stage is not under cover and we can peep through and see the streets covered with water. Everybody is tense, cold and wet. At 9:20 A.M. announcement was made in both German and English, regretting there will be no performance today on account of the approaching flood. People were urged to be calm and not to panic. Looks of disappointment and apprehension were prevelant". The six of us rushed out to get to the restaurant which was located on higher ground. Those who could not leave the theatre quickly, were forced to climb ladders and crawl out of windows on account of the rising waters. The stage and orchestra pit were under water and equipment and costumes were damaged.

Finally, the rain stopped !! Throngs of people were walking the streets in bare feet or with plastic bags over their shoes. We went down to The Wolfe Hotel where U. S. Army tanks were rescuing the guests - The Post Office had to close on account of high water - telephones were out of commission and canoes were being paddled up the streets.

While we were waiting to have lunch, I was trying to find some stamps to mail cards I had written the evening beford. Mary Pettyjohn came running and said, "Rachel, Rachel, come quick- we have a surprise for you !! I walked in and found the Rev. Virgil Hudson, pastor of The Evergreen Baptist Church who had been on a four week world tour. I was really surprised as I had not heard of his trip. "The Girls" spoke to him, thinking he was Jeff Chandler, the Movie star. When he told them who he was and where he was from, they could hardly believe it.

Mr. Hudson and his group could not arrange to change their flight home the following day, so they were forced to leave Tuesday morning and miss seeing The Passion Play, the part of the trip which they had anticipated. On an impulse, I gave Mr. Hudson the cards without stamps, and asked him to mail them at EVERGREEN. Several people to whom I sent these cards have asked me to please explain the postmark !!

Owen came to the Stuckl home Monday night and told us that he had finally made arrangements for us to stay over and see The Passion Play the next morning and fly from Munich to Paris that night. It took a lot of maneuvering for our alert conductor to arrange this - Thanks to Owen andn Globus !

The program of performances call for no scheduled plays on Tuesday. Due to this fact, the producer and staff were in a position to stage the show the day following the flood so that those who could arrange their schedule could attend and not be disappointed. This was the first performance to ever be rained out since the first showing, 336 years ago. During this time the play has become one of the worlds greatest box-office hits. I understand the price of a single ticket is $50.00. This price does not phase over one-half million people who travel from all over the world, sit long hours on hard seats, or even stand, to watch a play about the suffering and death of Christ. It is an experience which I shall never forget.

PARIS

Paris, there's magic in the very name ! A city of bright lights and elegance ! It was a beautiful sight to view the over-all city from our plane just before landing at 10:30 P.M. We went through customs quickly and were in our rooms at The Palais D'Orsay Hotel by mid-night. The hotel was very old with king-size rooms and French provincial furnishings.

We were delighted to receive mail on arrival which led me to believe that we were becoming just a little homesick.

We had a full day of sightseeing. We visited The Cathedral of Notre-Dame, a masterpiece of mediaeval Gothic art. It is the spiritual center of the Capital where the High Clergy receive kings and presidents.

Other highlights of our tour included Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, Roman Ruins, Cluny Museum, the Opera House, Napoleon's Tomb and the Place de la Concorde.

Mr. Baird reserved tickets for those who wished to attend the "Folies Bergere de Paris" on the last night of our trip. The show was ultra modern, colorful and risque ! The topless kind !!

I had a run-in with the Usherette - She seated me in the wrong seat twice. When I moved for the third time, she demanded a "teep" [tip.] I asked her if she understood plain English- she said, "oui oui, Madame" ! I said- "No Teep, I paid $8.00 for this second balcony seat - you seated me in three seats before you found the right one, NO TEEP! "

At this point both of us were rather upset. She reached down to put her hand in my bag and I stood up and dared her to touch my bag. Mr. Baird, seated several rows behind me, came down and asked if I needed help. I told him that I could handle the situation. She finally walked off, hollering "TEEP, TEEP!"

THURSDAY, AUGUST, 13th - Home Sweet Home !! We had time for some last minute shopping before our take-off time at 2 P. M. We were one hour late leaving Paris and it seemed like six hours ! All passengers with baggage were standing at the gate with boarding passes not knowing what the trouble was. By the grape-vine, we heard it was engine trouble causing the delay.

When we finally boarded at 3 o'clock, Lois offered me another sleeping pill! I took it and hardly remember crossing the ocean. Edna awakened me when dinner was served and I fell asleep while eating. I did not awaken when we put down in Philadelphia. In Washington we cleared customs, changed planes and took off to Richmond, arriving around 8:15 P.M., after a never-to-be-forgotten European trip.

The six of us scraped around and found the $43.00 to pay our car storage, loaded the cars and headed for home. I slept from Richmond to Appomattox. When we arrived here around 11 o'clock, Edna said she awakenedme and asked where to turn to go to my home and I told her that I didn't recognize anything I saw. Edna was a wonderful room-mate but I wonder if she didn't exaggerate just a little !

It was wonderful to awaken in my own bed the next morning and later see family and friends.

Again, I am grateful to HIM, our co-pilot, whose infinite wisdom encircles the world.

Other members of the tour who have not been mentioned heretofore were; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Wingo, their daughter, Miss Dorothy Wingo, and Mrs. Wingo's mother, Mrs. Margaret Teachum

Miss Ethel Milan, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Adkins, Miss Elizabeth V. Hart, and Mrs. W. M. Toombs, all of Richmond; Mrs. G. M. West and Mrs. H. A. Vaughan of Crewe; Mrs. G. Maury Brooks of Mechanicsville; Mrs. Marjorie Newsom, of Dinwiddie; Miss Ann Jeter Smith of Ashland; Miss Blanche Garrett of Center Cross, and Miss Ann Lightfoot Edwards, of Ebony.

Birthday parties were held for Mrs. Toombs and Mr. Wingo in Edinburgh and Paris, respectively.

P.S. Thanks, again, to Miss Lucy Smith who gave me a duck wish-bone as a good-luck omen!
Also, Thanks to "Dr. Cleo" for bringing her "Medical Satchel."

Rachel F. Lawson

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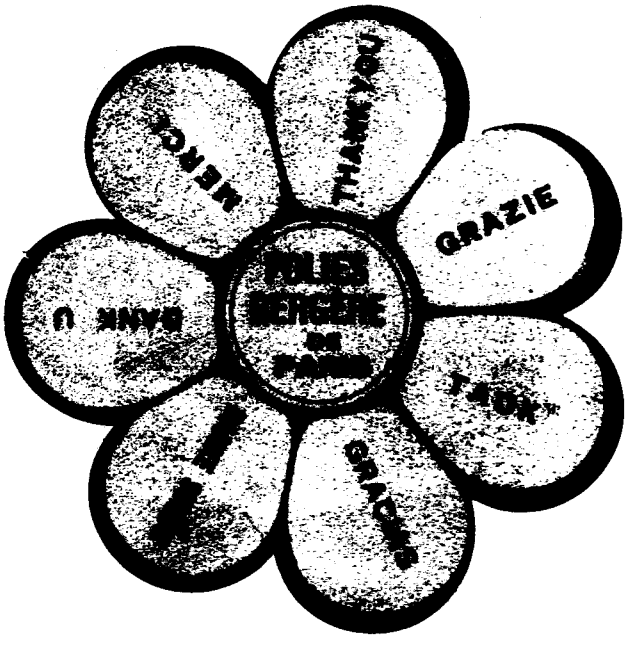
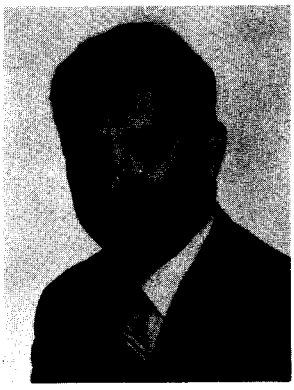
NEVER SHALL I FORGET
THE PARIS FOLLIES!





Mail or Phone: Mr. Owen Baird
266-7007 Laurel, Virginia 23060

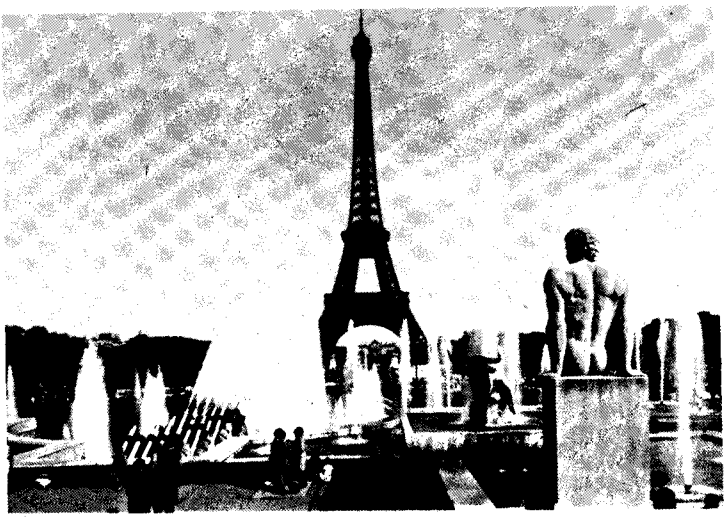
TOUR CONDUCTOR

HANAH THOMPSON AND "ME" ON THE TIP*TOP
OF MT. PILATUS

THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. LANDHAUS HANS STUCKL WHERE "THE LYNCHBURG SIX" LODGED WHILE IN OBERAMMERGAU.

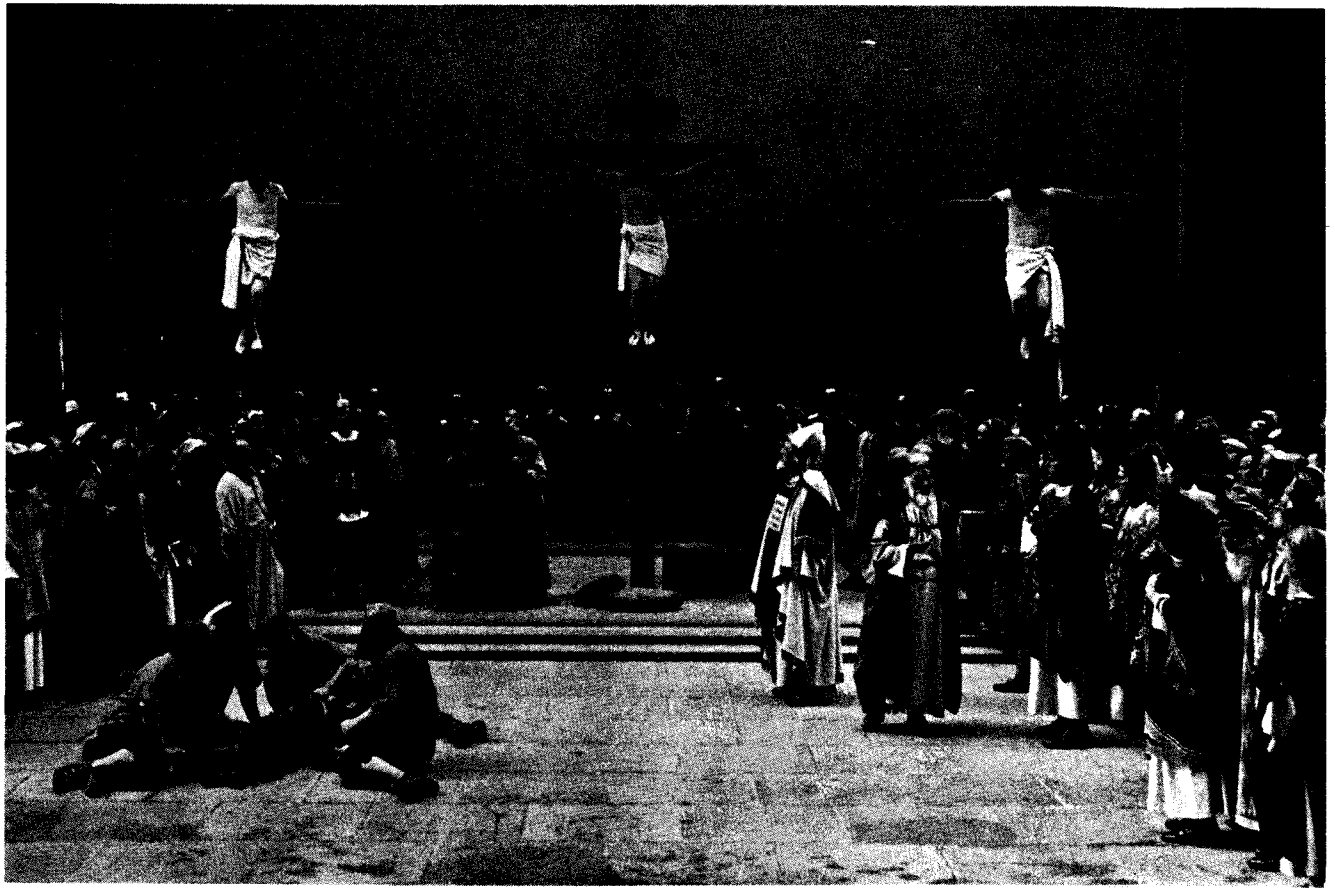
HOTEL WOLF, OBERAMMERGAU, GERMANY, WHICH WAS UNDER 10 FEET OF WATER WHEN THREE DAYS OF RAIN FLOODED THIS BAVARIAN TOURIST REGION. THE HOTEL GUESTS WERE RESCUED RUBBER RAFTS AND U. S. ARMY TANKS.

ROYAL-BREWERY-HOUSE, LARGEST BEER JOINT
IN THE WORLD - MUNICH, GERMANY

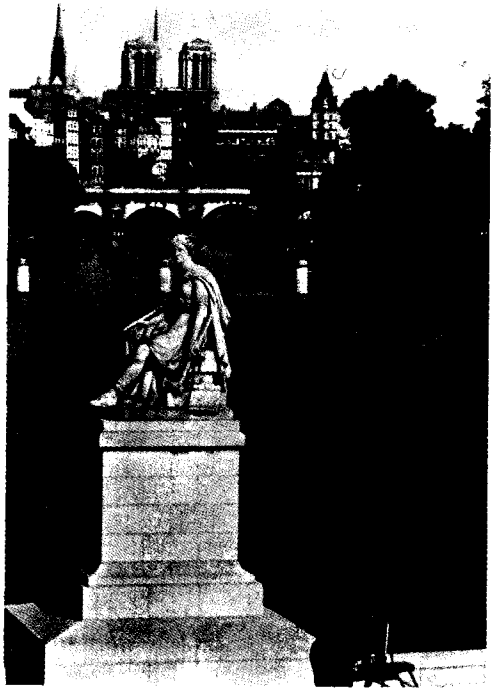


EIFFEL TOWER - PARIS

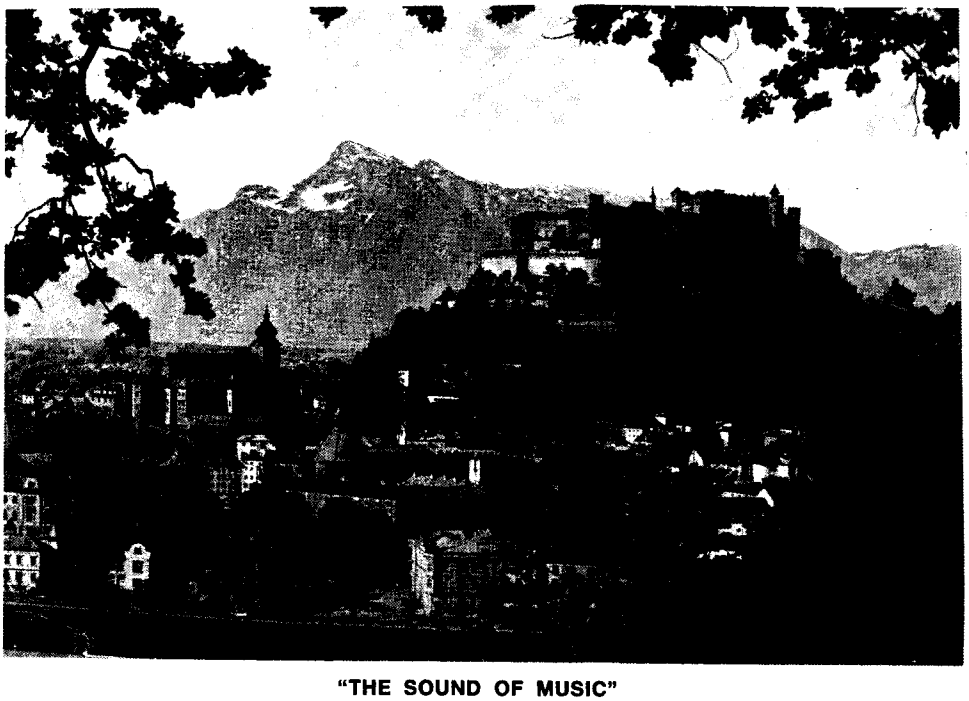
"ME", Sarah Vaughan and Lois Heartwell, of Crewe, trying to keep warm and dry in London.



THE CRUFIXION
THE PASSION PLAY



NOTRE DAME - PARIS



"THE SOUND OF MUSIC"

SALZBURG,
with the fortress of Hohensalzburg, the Untersberg (6115 ft) and the Nunnery of Nonnberg. (From here came the novice Maria)